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ROBLEM: IN THE PICTURE BELOW, FIND THE MAN WHOSE WIFE HAS JUST INVESTED HIS LAST HARD-EARNED DENNY ON A DOWN PAYMENT FOR A...

### CAD-ALLARD

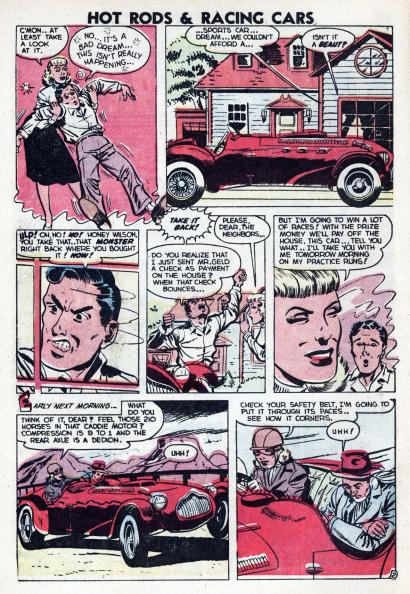


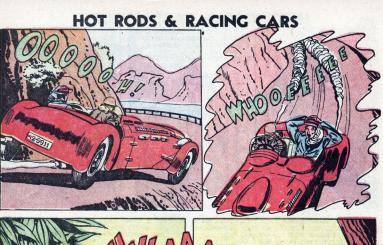




















JUST MMAP DO YOU TAKE ME FOR, WILSON P IP IT WERENT BECAUSE THIS IS YOUR LAST PAYMENT ON THE HOUSE I'D HAVE YOU THROWN IN NOW TAKE IT LAST, MR, GELD. I'LL. I'LL HAVE ME THAT MONEY FOR YOU. TOMORNING!













SO TWIS IS HOW YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF ME RISHIT AWAY! ATTEMPTED MURDER THAT'S WHAT IT IS! TILL HAVE MY LAVYERS AND THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE ON YOU FOR THIS! TILL FIX YOU, MR, WILSON!

HE WILSON'S PULLED DOWN THE SHADES AND REFERANCE FROM ANSWERING THE POOR OR THE PHONE FOR THAT PAY. THEN, AS THE CURTAIN OF NIGHT PARTEZ.





WONDER
WHAT IT'LL
BE LIKE
RAISING
OUR
CHILDREN
IN A
TENT...

YOU HAVE A TRUE PIONEER'S OUTLOOK, DARLING! DRINK YOUR COFFEE AND LET'S GET GOING. TODAY YOUR WIFE SOING TO MAKE LIKE A FEMALE NUVOLARI AT THE LOCAL AIRPORT!



IN THE NICK OF TIME! THEY'RE CALLING THE WOMEN'S EVENT NOW.
I'LL JUST ABOUT HAVE TIME FOR CLEARANCE BEFORE FALLING IN FOR THE LINE UP.



OMEY HELD NO. S
POSITION IN THE LINE
LIP BEFORE THE GREEN
FLAG KICKED THEM OFF...
THREE LAPS LATER SHE
MAD SMAKED LIP TO NO. 2
SPOT...





















FUENTEEN YEAR OLD MICKEY LANE WANTED TO MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY HIS OWN MIDGET RIKER, SO HE PASSED HIMSELF OFF AS BEING THISHT-ONE TO GAMBLER MACK CARDNER. UNDER CARRINER'S SPONSORSHIP AND INSTRUCTIONS, MICKEY COMPETED IN THE WEEK-END RAFES ... BUT IT WASN'T WHAT HE'D DREAMED ABOUT, BECAUSE HE WAS...





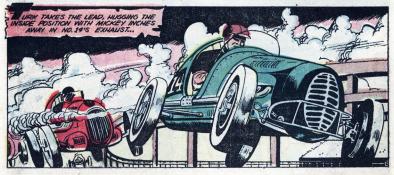






HE STARTER
HOURS THE
GREEN FAG
TENSELY AS
THE FIRST CAR
IS MEARLY
ABREAST OF
HIM, THEN
SMAPS IT DOWN
AMID THE
ROAR OF
WIDE OPEN
THROTTLES...











THE RAIN STARTED TO COME DOWN HEAVIER AND FASTER.. THEN THE RED FLAG WENT UP, STOPPING ALL THE ACTION ON THE CIRCUIT...























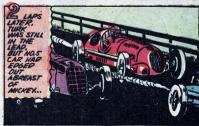


























ICKEY SAW TURK'S TIRE BLOW AND QUKKLY JAMMED HIS FRONT LEFT WHEEL AGAINST NO.18'S ALLE TO OVERCOME THE SUMMER SAULTING TENDENCY CAUSED BY THE DEFLATED TIRE...



NO AFTER ROLLING NO.14 OFF THE ASPHALT, IT WAS A SAD MICKEY LANE WHO CIRCLED THE TRACK WITH THE BUNTING...

THIS IS THE PLIRSE I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO SO THAT I COULD BUY MY OWN OFFINY, BUT I MY GOING TO HAVE TO CLEAR OUT FAST I TO C





THE OFFICIALS REVERSED THE STANDING, LANE! PEARSON IS THE WINDER BECAUSE HE LEAD ALL THE WAY AND IF YOU'D CARRY HOURS WITH THE WOULD HAVE BEEN AHEAD OF YOU!

THE KID COULD HARDLY TALK . LIKE HE'D BEEN BEAT UP! AN' HE DID SAVE MY LIFE! ANYWAY, I DON'T LIKE THAT GUY WITH THE HEATER AT ALL ...









WE DISCOVERED YOUR TIRE HAD BEEN PIERCED BY A BULLET, MR. PEARSON, AND THAT THREE THUSS HAD BEEN BY THE AUDIENCE AS ONE TOOK A SHOT AT YOU!



...GENTLEMEN..I'M DISQUALIFY-ING MYSELF AS WINNER BECAUSE IF IT WEREN'T FOR MICKEY CARRYING ME ACROSS THE FINISH LINE, I WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE NOW!



... COMPETE AGAINST US OLD TIMERS ? DON'T US ORD, KID. YOU JUST KEEP RIGHT ON RACING .YOU'RE DOIN' GREAT ! REALLY GREAT!



# A CHOT ROD DICTIONARY IS BORN

"When I was a youngster," reflected Mr. William Anderson rather wistfully, "I wanted to be a railroad engineer. With the other kids in the neighborhood we would go down to the freight yards. And the greatest event was to sit in the cab of the yard engine with old Pete. Once he even let me put my hand on the throttle. But this generation is entirely different from mine. Not only do they dream but they have enough guts to put their dreams into action and turn them into reality. When Frank wanted to form a Hot Rad Club in this town, I was really skeptical. But now they rebuild cars and do wonders. Ah, to be young again!"

"While you decide whether or not you want to be twenty or fifty," snapped back Mrs. Anderson, "I have a tough problem for you to solve. The refrigerator has been raided again. Half of that spring chicken is missing. And so is a portion of mince pie. Are you

guilty?"

There was a hurt look on Mr. Anderson's face and his wife at once realized her hubby was completely innocent. That meant that the culorit had to be Frank.

"Guess our son takes a bite down to the warehouse when he works on his car. Wish he would ask me first. Sort of upsets my plans

for tomorrow's meal."

Mr. Herbert Levin, of the Carl Levin Transportation Company, permitted the Hot Rod Club of Hightstown to use his old freight warehouse as their meeting place and garage for their cars. Just now, Frank Anderson was studying the masterplece produced by Slim Stevens.

"She was born a '34 Ford," explained Slim for the log, "and it has been chopped 4 inches, channeled 5% inches, with a '48 Mercury engine; 4:11 rear end; '41 Ford hydraulics; 600 x 16 rear tires; chrome front fenders; and '30 Cadillac spare tire covers cut to fit. Nice job."

"Then permit me to utter additional words of praise," added the voice of Pop Benigan, "I shall put everything down in the log and be a good secretary at tenight's meeting."

It seemed that one evening, from nowhere, a figure in overalls had appeared at the old freight warehouse. The man's age was indeterminate. His hair was graying and he had a short beard. He made a bargain with the boys.

"I'll watch this place while you are away. Take down your records for you. Help you in your rebuilding jobs. All I want is a place to sleep and some food."

So the boys "hired" Pop. It was agreed that each member of the Hot Rod Club would take turns in raiding the kitchen and that was the great puzzle facing the mothers of Hightstown. How and when did food vanish from kitchens, refrigerators, and freezers?

The meeting of the Hot Rod Club was called to order and the boys gave their various reports.

"About that Jowett Jupiter sports car," began Teddy Cave. "I find that it made its first appearance in the spring of 1950 at the British Automobile Show held in Grand Central Palace, New York. Here are the statistics on her: Wheelbase 93 inches; track front —51 inches; rear —49 inches; itres —5.50 x 16; weight —2100 pounds; turning circle —31 feet; capacity —1486cc.; compression —8.1; and performance —0 to 60, mph like running on rails. My uncle is thinking of buying one as soon as he gets his hand on some cold cash."

"Yesterday I went over to pay a visit to the Hot Rod Club of Center Moriches," said Tony Argonto. "Jerry Lurie bought one of those plastic body kits. I know you fellows want the low down on it. In terms of weight, the sports car that Jerry built weighs 1050 pounds. That makes it 400 pounds less than the Crosley station wagon from which it was built. With lowered chassis, the car stands 31 inches high at cowl. Plywood panels were installed as flooring. Then molded-plastic wheel housings were bolted to the trunk-compartment floor. The radiator was lowered six inches and was bolted with a strap-iron bracket welded to the new body-support bracket. The engine, transmission and axles were left in their original position. Jerry deserves credit for the neat job he has turned out."

"I got the final report for this evening," said David Dolmetch, "I contacted the other five Hot Rod Clubs in this county about the words for the Hot Rod Dictionary, BALDY: A tire from which the treads have worn away. leaving the carcass as smooth as a hairless man's head. CHANNEL: To modify the body so that it can be dropped below the frame. DOG CLUTCH: A positive clutch that is either fully engaged or completely disengaged. It cannot slip. It is used only in racing, FRENCH-ING: A form of molding by which headlamp rims are smoothed into the fender line. The rims are usually eliminated. Next week I'll have more from the different clubs. Good idea that we have uniformity in our terms."

Frank Anderson closed the meeting and then announced that the arrangements had been made for the dragmeet to be held on Saturday on field seven of the airport.

"I think we fellows owe Pop a lot. So I'm going to let him race in my car at the meet. Just to see how he makes out. And now if you fellows don't mind, the meeting is over. Anyone who wants to work on his sar can stay for an extra hour. My girl is waiting for me outside and she says it is important."

Ethel McCaffrey wasn't the kind of a girl to conceal her feelings. One look at her face as Frank drove his car along the highway told him something was wrong. He stopped when they came to Point Lookout, which was the highest point on the road.

"Something is bothering you Ethel and I know it. You sounded awful mysterious over the phone. If you are mad because I want to stick to automotives as a future, there is little I can do about it."

"When a girl loves a fellow," replied Ethel, "she makes up her mind that what makes him happy will make her happy. You may not make that million in cars, but then I'll be an economical housewife."

When a girl makes a statement like that there is only one sensible thing to do. And Frank did it. He kissed Ethel and forgot that the rest of the world existed. However, minutes later, Ethel opened up her purse and handed her boy friend a picture.

"I went to the Post Office yesterday to mail a package to my Aunt Miriam in Chicago," she explained. "I saw this 'wanted' notice and asked if I might have it. Look carefully at the picture of the man on it. Doesn't he look just like Pop Benigan? And he's wanted for burglary, counterfeiting, kidnapping and murder. What do we do?"

Frank took the notice from Ethel and studied it carefully. He couldn't believe what his eyes told him was true.

"Could be that there are two people who look alike. I guess we'll have to play safe and notify the Chief of Police. But I think we

should let Pop race my car."
Field Seven of the airport was crowded.
There had been a rumor in the air that
something unusual was going to happen.
Chief of Police John Rutherford was there
with about a dozen of his men and several
patrol cars were on the highway.

"I've had my eye on him since the day he landed in this town," was what the police official had told Frank. "Thanks a lot for notifying me. You're a good citizen."

The boys raced their cars and there was excitement when Pop raced in Frank's car. He handled it like an expert. When the meet was all over, the members of the Hot Rod Club lined up against the administration building. Chief of Police John Rutherford escorted Pop over to Frank and Ethel.

"He has to return," said the police official "and there is something you both should know. After all, he is my own brother-in-law and I am responsible for his safety. Meet Professor Walter Benigan, head of the State Automotive Research Bureau and dean of the newly founded School of Automotive Work at the State University. He has something to say to you."

"I was working on a project of writing a Dictionary of hot rod terms," explained the man once known as Pop. "And you boys certainly helped me get the material for it. Frank, you can come to the university on a scholarship and continue your work on Hot Rods." And then he looked at the girl holding Frank's hand.

"I'm certain we can find a job for little
Ethel either in the library or as my assistant
so that you two can be together. But stay
out of Post Offices. Do I really look like
Horace Russel, the man on that picture?"

And at that moment, there wasn't the slightest resemblance. But then who cared? Everyone was happy.

The End

CHUBBY GLYNN, A LOCAL HOT RODDER, ALWAYS HAD AS HIS UPPERMOST THOUGHTS SAFETY, POWER AND EFFICIENCY WHERE A CAR WAS CONCERNED... BUT HE TURNED SQUEAMISH WHEN IT CAME TO DRIVING ANY FASTER THAN 40. NOW HE'D BEEN FORCED INTO A ROAD RACE..AND CHUBBY GLYNN WAS...













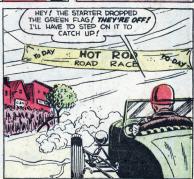






























































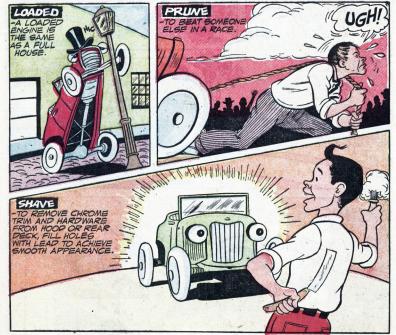




## HOT HOH Talk

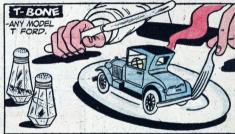














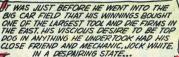


## HOT ROCK



If was a relentless greeg thurmond that had started burning rubber to the winner's circle at the age of 13... Then went on to stock car racing at 18 when the drags provided no competition. Each year found him at the top of the time and point lists, he tried the midsets for a while until circling the track with the bunting became a dull routine now he looked forward to the next concuerable field... Sprint cars, it his was greege thurmond, the wor rock of thurmond, the unbeatable...Greege thurmond, the wor rock of





























THIS IS GREGG, MISS DAWSON.
I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR WHAT HADDENED THIS AFTER-NOON... AND I'D LIKE TO MAKE UP FOR IT BY TAKING



I DON'T SEE HOW

MY SISTER COULD EVER ENJOY YOUR YOU CAN CALL ME JEANIE, GREGG...AS FOR THE DINNER, WELL, YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BE AS BAD AS I'VE HEARD! YOU CAN CALL FOR ME AT EIGHT.



OF COURSE, YOU'LL HAVE
LUNCH WITH ME TOMORROW,
JEANIE... THEN WE
NOW CAN TAKE IN A SHOW,
WAIT
A SECOND, MR.
THURMOND A FTER
ALL, I HAVE OTHER
THINGS TO ATTEND
TO... BUT TIL SET
THEM ASIDE.



LOOK, WALLY. I THINK JEANIE IS OLD ENOUGH

TO DECIDE FOR HER-

COMPANY. BUT

SELF. AND I'LL TELL YOU

REMEMBER ... JUST

ONE WRONG MOVE...

OKAY,

BOYS!

THEY 'RE

LINING

UP!



THE EAR SPLITTING
THUNDER OF UNMUFFLED
MOTORS FILLED THE
AIR AS THE GREEN
FLAG FLASHED DOWN...



ON THE FOT THE LAP, GREGG IN THING PARCE IN NUMBER SEVEN PULLED OUT ON THE STRAIGHTHANN AND CAME ABREAST OF WALLY DAWSON WHO WAS LEADING THE FIELD.





HE'S GOT A FAST JOB THERE! I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE INSIDE AND PASS HIM! I'VE GOT TO!



FOURTEEN MORE LAPS TO GO AND HE'S STILL ONE LAP AHEAD OF ME! HERE'S WHERE I BREAK OUT OF THE TURN AHEAD OF HIM AND CUIT ON THE INSIDE!



WALLY AND GREGG SKIDDED AROLIND THE FAR TURN NOSE TO TAIL WITH DAWSON IN THE LEAD...



BUT GREGG TROMPED
HIS ACCELERATOR AND
ACCIDENTALLY NUDGED
WALLY'S TAIL A SPLIT
SECOND BEFORE
DAWSON GUNNED HIS





AND IT WAS A SELF-ASSURED AND HAPPY GREGG THURMOND THAT AGAIN WHEELED INTO THE WINNER'S CIRCLE FOR THE TROPHY...



LATER... YOU DIDN'T LOSE
THIS RACE BITHER,
THIS RACE BITHER,
WROND THEY WERENT
WRONG WHEN THEY SAID YOU
WERE A RUTHLESS, COLD HEARTED
SO AND SO? I'TS A WONDER MY
BROTHER WASN'T KILLED!
AND IT'S THE LAST YOULL SE
OF ME, YOU...MO GOOD!













EXT DAY... I KNEW YOU'D TAKE MY PLAISH IN THE .. HIC .. RACE TODAY, JOCK, OLE BOY ... WALLY IS BUT. HIC. TELL THE OFFICIALS THERE'S STILL IN THE HOSPITAL, GONNA BE A SUB-GREGG ... STITUTE DRIVER ... AND I'M NOT WALLY DAWSON! LETTING YOU DRIVE IN THAT CONDITION! YOU JUST ...





GREGG TOOK OFF AFTER MAKING AN OFFICIAL SUBSTITUTION TO MAILY DAWSON AS DRIVER, AND WHEN THE GREEN FLAG CAME DOWN, HE JUST HELD THE ACCELERATOR TO THE RICHER LINTIL HEV LAPPED THE FIELD THREE THRES. THE HOURS TICKED BY. THEN WITH OWLY THE MOST LAPS TO GO.,



HELLO, JOCK! I HEARD GREGG HAD GONE TO PIECES AFTER I LEFT HIM .. I GUESS I DID, TOO.. THAT'S WHY I'M BACK. I PEALLY LOVE THE GUY!



HE ONLY CAME IN FOR GAS SO THAT HE COULD MAKE TIME AND BE AHEAD OF THE OTHERS, BUT THOSE TIRES AREN'T GOING TO HOLD UP MILCH LONGER! THE CASINGS ARE ABOUT TO FALL



THEN., IF HE DOESN'T COME IN FOR A TIRE CHANGE SOON HE'LL BE KILLED! OH, JOCK! WHY IS HE DOING THIS., AND LINDER MY BROTHER'S NAME!



HE WHITE FLAG WENT UP SIGNALING ONE MORE LAP...THEN THE CHECKERED BANNER FLUTTERER..GREGG WHIZZED BY AND...



I KNOW I LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A PYRAMID, JEANIE, BUT HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MARRIED TO A DULL EXECUTIVE AND RAISE A FAMILY? DON'T PUT THE ALKY AND WRENCHES AWAY, JOCK, HE DIDN'T SAY WHAT HE'D BE DOING WEEKENDS., AND IF I KNOW GREGG, THE THURMOND FAMILY IS GOING TO BE IN THE PITS EVERY SUNDAY!





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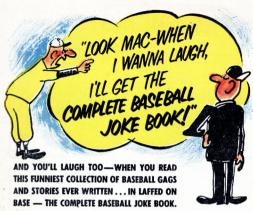
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